

# THE NEWSLETTER

A Mariposa Folk Festival Publication

NOVEMBER 1977

FAREWELL ISSUE





# OBITUARY COLUMN



I am sorry when a small paper folds. This is not a criticism of the laudable art of Origami. I refer to specialized publications--limited in circulation if not in scope--and the feeling I get when they finally go under. As they almost always do. Why is this?

The small periodical can be thrown off balance very easily. It is usually produced by a close knit volunteer body, each member having a vital function. If the group includes a shirker in its midst the publication suffers immediately. But this is not The Newsletter's downfall. Our committee has been a model of efficiency and good feeling.

If a periodical such as ours does a little too well and finds itself in that no-mans-land of the medium sized magazine (where production expenses and sales are so hard to reconcile) trouble often ensues. But that's not what is killing The Newsletter either.

These are administrative perils that can endanger a healthy periodical whose usefulness has not been outlived. There are also natural causes that lay a paper to rest when it has existed to speak to ephemeral issues that have inevitably faded. This is as it should be. But I don't think The Newsletter is dying of old age.

A lack of subscribers is doing The Newsletter in. Why is this?!

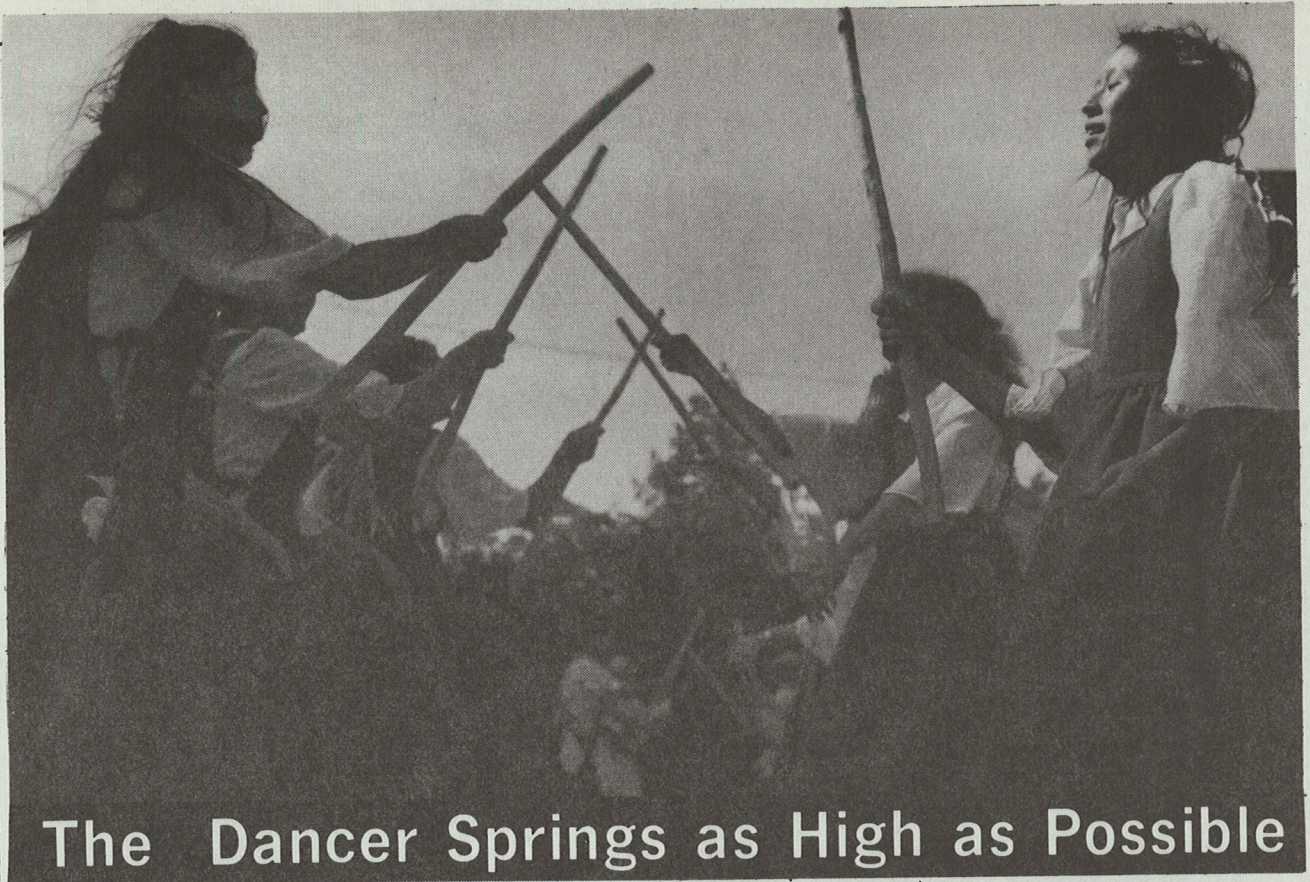
A great many people have queer interests. These should be encouraged if they are harmless. My tongue is not lodged in my cheek nor is it flapping in the breeze. I mean it. The glossy selection you encounter on the nation's newsstands would have us recognize our "type" and make the appropriate purchase. "*Better Housekeeping*" for the ladies, "*Penthouse*" for the man about town, "*National Enquirer*" for frontal lobotomy cases (only one per customer) and so on.

The modest publication that makes no claim to universal appeal has a place, though a shaky one. It can converge interest that would otherwise remain scattered. For instance, if one had a fondness for small shrubs of the *Hortensia* variety, it would be comforting to know that others shared this enthusiasm...

But why am I lecturing you? You guys paid your three bucks! I hope The Newsletter served, in some small way, such a purpose and it is with regret that we throw in the towel.

Bye-bye,  
Marilyn Koop,  
Managing Editor





## The Dancer Springs as High as Possible

Morris Dancing: Traditional Ritual and the Green Fiddle Morris of Toronto

It was less than a year ago that a Morris group came into being at Fiddler's Green Folk Club in Toronto. Individuals of highly varied and sordid backgrounds practice regularly to learn and prepare to "dance out" (perform) these dances at festivals and gatherings in Toronto and out.

Morris Dance is distinguished from other folk dance in that it is ritual as opposed to social dance. Its origins lie in centuries old English fertility dances. These intricate rituals, unlike the casual country dances, were performed by specially picked and trained dancers. With the May Day celebrations, the oldest form of folk festival, the seasonal procession of dances round the village celebrated the victory of spring over winter: the exorcism of winter's pall, ghosts, and disease; the renewal of life and fruitfulness.

Through the centuries, from generation to generation, emphasis was directed to the elaboration and intensity of the dance. The skill of the dancers became incorporate with the ritual. Virility and strength expressed itself with the clashing of sticks, high capers, and the vigorous and lusty shaking of leg bells. In the folk tradition, various styles of the Morris dances emerged peculiar to the regions or villages in which they were danced. Customs changed in time but Morris continued to be danced on all important and unimportant occasions. They are mentioned by Shakespeare and are recorded in civic records and calendars.

In North America, the first Morris team came out of Greenwich Village only five years ago. The Morris urge swept New England, and now there are over twenty teams in the U.S. and Canada.



Certain basic qualities of form and spirit have been maintained over time and geography. The dance is done whenever and wherever and as often as possible--usually out of doors and near people. There is no need for a special dance floor or performing area. The quality of ritual is essential and the teamwork is different from that of social or ballroom dance; having separate teams for men and women maintains that distinction. The dance is done six to a set, with turns to solo. Freedom of expression is an outstanding characteristic of the Morris as variety and beauty of movement of the individual dancer emerges from the form. Once the dancer learns the moves, he has great freedom to do them his own way, especially in his turn in the dance to solo.

Many of the movements are up-movements--sweeping up movements of handkerchiefs, high leaps, vibrant clashings. Often dancers sing as part of the dance.

When Morris is "danced out" the fool becomes an important figure. He introduces the dance, mocks the dancers and watchers alike, and parodies the team in his outlandish dress. The dancers dress in "kit" or costume; traditionally the men wear white knickers, white shirts, cross bands known as baldricks, white socks, black shoes, fancy hats, bells on colourful bands and ribbons. The Green Fiddle Men follow basically this style. The women of the team wear green pinafores and garlands. The Green Fiddle banner preceeds the team. Cake on a sword is distributed to the watchers along with the passing of the hat--which brings us to an important part of Morris: "The Pitch". Watching Morris is good luck. Giving money to Morris promotes health and good crops and the Morris unabashedly solicit the necessary beer fund. This energy exchange between watchers and

dancers contributes to the sharing of the experience.

The Green Fiddle Morris is now over 24 strong and is distinguished by superb music of unsurpassed fiddle, concertina, accordion, drum, and pennywhistle. The team has danced in Vermont at the Spring "Ale" or meet, the London Folk Festival, the Eaton Centre, in city parks and at other festivals, and this summer it hosted a team from Dartington England. The women's team has clearly developed a style of its own, with a sweeping lyric quality apart from the more strident dancing of the men.

Morris Dance is in spite of technology. No electricity is needed. Musicians and dancers are the setting. This very athletic dancing has been described by one member of the Morris team as "a risk worth taking".

If you would like to experience this yourself, the Tuesday night practise at 7:30 at Fiddlers Green Folk Club near Eglinton and Yonge (131 Roehampton parking lot) is a good way to start. Emphasis here is on steps and basics with special help for beginners. There is also a Saturday practise at 2:30 followed by a pot-luck dinner. Of course, most Morris go to both--because they love to dance.

-Bettle Liota



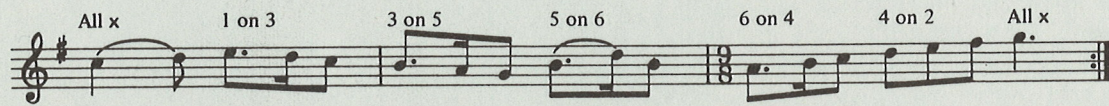
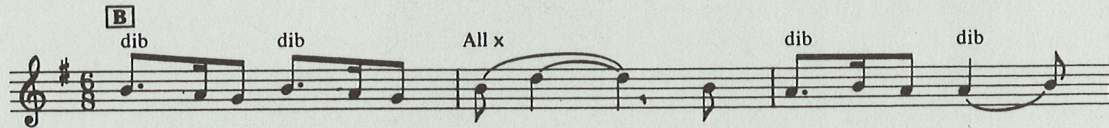


A MORRIS TUNE:

# HEADINGTON



lh - left hop  
rh - right hop



## MARIPOSA IN THE SCHOOLS

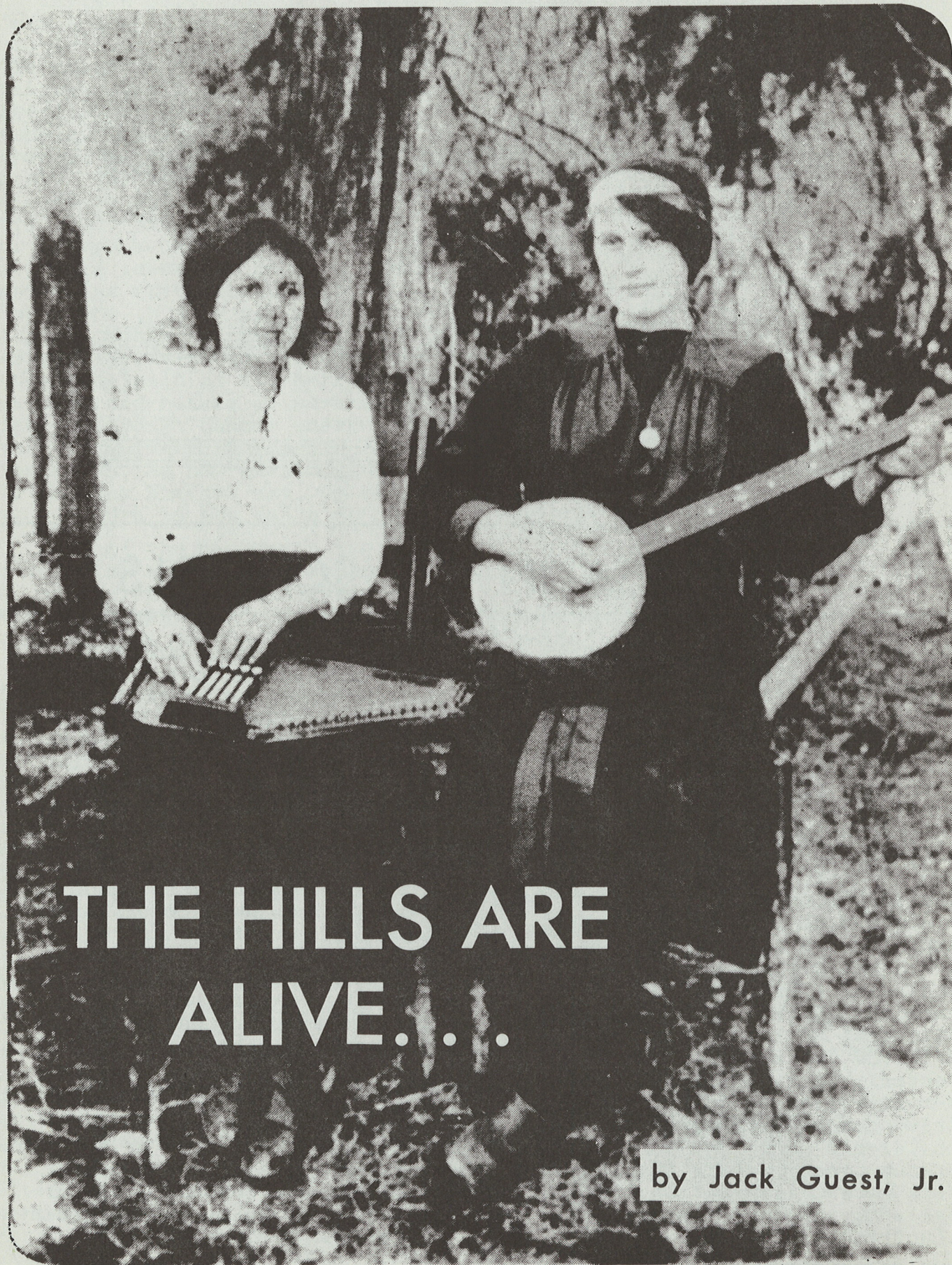
The seasons come and go, and Mariposa in the Schools is now in its seventh year. Last year we doubled the number of workshops that were booked by schools, libraries, nursery schools and community colleges. It was a continually busy year--the calendar pages were filled from October right through until the end of June, and there were a few workshops during the summer. A new and up-to-date catalogue explains how the program works and lists all the performers, including a brief biography of each and descriptions of all the different workshops that are offered. It's an impressive roster. To name a few workshops: demonstration of folk instruments, Irish songs, song-writing, children's songs and games, French Canadian folk traditions, folk dance, international dance, ballads, jug band, roots of country music, Carribean music,

South American pipes--and many more. There are also teacher workshops which can be held on P.D. days or after school hours. These enable teachers to prepare and teach their own music workshops. 26 performers are listed in the catalogue and they work with all age groups, from nursery school through university.

MITS is now available to schools, libraries, etc. outside of Toronto. Many of our performers are willing to travel to distant communities with special package programs. Perhaps there would be a school workshop during the day, a teacher workshop after school, and a family concert in the evening. Special arrangements are available for this type of program.

For further information or bookings, or any questions at all about Mariposa in the Schools, call or write to Carol Kehm, MITS Coordinator, at the Mariposa office.





# THE HILLS ARE ALIVE...

by Jack Guest, Jr.

NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS SONGBOOK/COURTESY ED KAHN



The city of Bristol lies on Route 81 at the bottom of the beautiful Shenandoa Valley. Half of the city is in Virginia and half is in Tennessee. On the Virginia side is an old brick building where on August 2, 1927, Ralph Peer and the RCA Victor recording company first recorded the original Carter Family (and within the same week, the legendary Jimmy Rodgers). The original Carter Family consisted of A.P. Carter, his wife Sara, who was a Dougherty, and Maybelle--Maybelle was an Addington until she married A.P.'s brother. As the years went by, Sara and A.P. had three children, Joe, Janette, and Gladys. Maybelle eventually broke away and took her three daughters--June, Helen, and Anita--to Nashville where they now enjoy much fame. June is now married to Johnny Cash, and with such musicians as Carl Perkins and The Tennessee Three they have put together a dynamic act. The New Carter Family, as the Nashville branch is called, have commercialized the music, so it is no longer the same as the original music, which is still sung in Poor Valley and around Clinch Mountain. For example, Johnny Cash took the old Carter Family favourite "Will the Circle Be Unbroken" and put in the part "Daddy sang bass, Mama sang tenor...". The record sold very well.

Joe, Janette, and Gladys still live in Maces Springs, the original base of the Carter Family. Gladys, who married Milan Millard, does not perform, but is the family historian. Joe can be heard playing and singing bass the way his father used to do. Janette lives in A.P.'s house and has turned the old family grocery store into a museum filled with Carter Family relics. In partnership with her brother Joe, she has built an auditorium on the side of the hill and every Saturday night she books in acts from all through the mountains. Once a year, in August, she puts on a festival in honour of A.P., Sara, and Maybelle Carter.

I brought Janette and her husband Jack Kelly along with Gladys and Milan Millard up to Canada this spring to visit my wife Martha and me. While she was here she appeared live on the Brian Barker show on CKFH as well as on the Bob MacLain Show on CBC-TV. Perhaps some of you saw her at one of her two appearances at Fiddlers Green or at the Buffalo Folk Festival. As a return, I was invited to help out with this year's festival--a very special one, marking fifty years since the Carter Family was first recorded. I wonder if ever again anyone will see all of the Carters, including Maybelle and Sara, together for one performance.

I left Toronto in the company of Steve Pritchard and Ossie Brannscombe about ten p.m. on Wednesday, August the third. We drove for fourteen hours and arrived at the Carters' about noon the next day. It wasn't long until we were involved in everything that was going on. I was collecting money at the gate as well as picking up people from the surrounding towns and driving them to the festival. I was answering the phone, buying groceries and getting people set up in the fields with their crafts and displays of handiwork. That night Johnny Cash arrived with The Tennessee Three and the entire Carter Family from Nashville. They put on one of the best shows I've ever seen. They were followed by John McCutcheon and Mike and Alice Seeger and the Red Clay Ramblers among others. Mrs. Ralph Peer arrived in a limousine with a bar in it and heaven knows what else. Her chauffeur got her to the airport in Nashville and then beat her to Gate City and picked her up and drove her to Maces Springs.

I talked with all of the performers as well as to many friends of A.P., such as Bill Clifton and Bill McCall. Bill McCall has driven the Pepsi truck in those mountains for over twenty years and is still at it. He used to pick up A.P.



and drop him off at various spots in the valley. Bill Clifton used to sit and talk with A.P. on many an evening. Sometimes A.P. felt like a drink and they would go half way up the mountain to a spring and then hike all the way back.

On Friday and Saturday the Festival got underway at noon and went until about midnight. On Saturday there were 4,000 people--about as many as were there Friday, when Johnny Cash was there. I visited Uncle Erman and his wife--Erman is A.P.'s brother--and they asked us in for lunch. The lunch was wonderful. It was entirely food from their farm. There was corn bread and huge yellow and red tomatoes, to say nothing of the wild honey. When I was through, Uncle Erman said that I hadn't eaten enough to fill a hollow tooth. After lunch we gathered some eggs and played with their new litter of puppies. Back behind their barn stands the old cabin in which A.P. was born. It's in pretty poor shape, but it's on the map now as a designated national landmark. Perhaps the Rockefeller Foundation will come across with a grant to restore it. On the way back from Uncle Erman's we stopped at the old church and found A.P.'s grave with the gold record on it and the words "Keep on the Sunny Side". We were invited over to visit Gladys and Milan and there we met and talked to Sara and Mother Maybelle. I never thought that I would ever get a chance to meet Mother Maybelle Carter. She is very feeble, but Sara, who is older, is much more spry. In fact when Steve couldn't get his pipe lit, she jumped up and dashed into the kitchen to get him some matches.

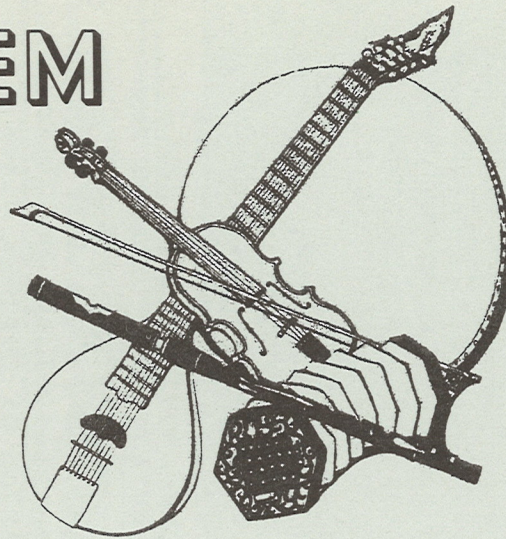
We left for home about noon on Sunday with a man who had flown all the way from Sydney Australia and was on his way to Alberta. The most enjoyable part of the trip was driving through Virginia and West Virginia on

Sunday and listening to the live gospel broadcasts. You can't, to my knowledge, buy any records that equal the old time music played on these broadcasts. As soon as you get to Ohio, the land flattens out and you can't even get a country station on either the AM or the FM dial. That's when you first realise that the holiday is over and you are heading for home. We arrived in Toronto in the early hours of Monday morning and dropped our Australian friend off at the Royal York hotel.

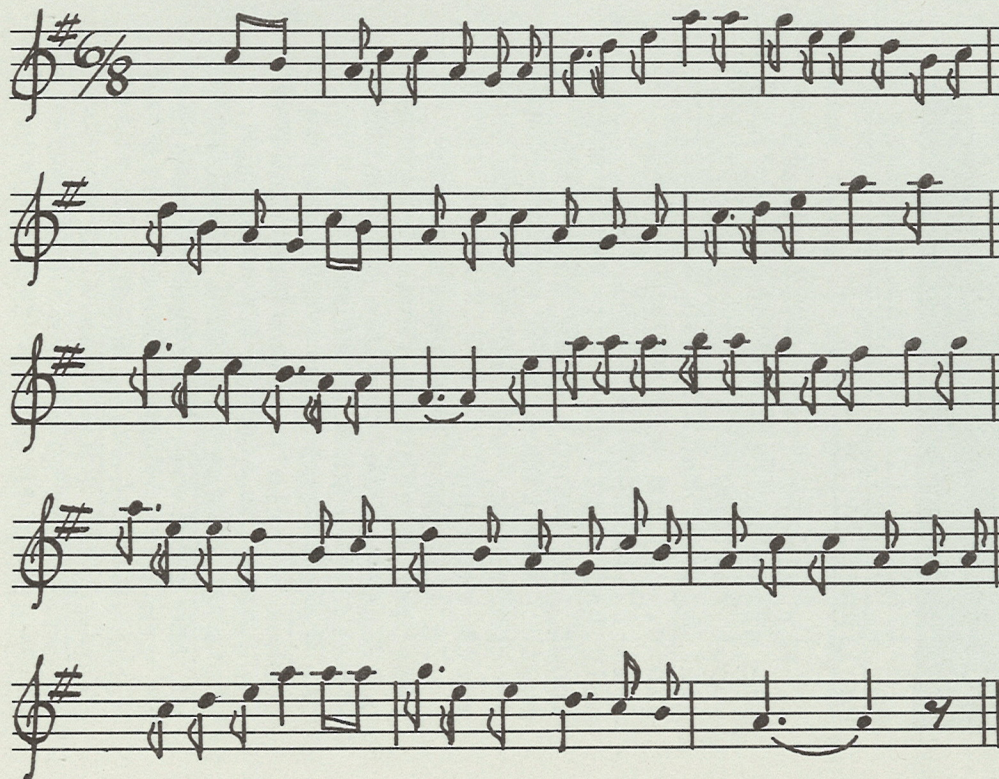
Looking back on the whole trip, what impressed me the most was the enthusiasm of the local people for the oldtime, gospel, and bluegrass music. Modern times have come to the mountains the same as everywhere else. They can listen to Rock and Roll or any of the other popular styles, but they still love the old music. Nearly everybody plays some instrument or else sings or dances. During the performances the old people as well as the young will jump to their feet and buck dance in front of the stage. I used to think that as communications improved and more and more people became aware of what everybody else was doing, there would be fewer and fewer areas where the music would remain pure. I have discovered that this is not the case. Here in the mountains of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, and North Carolina the old original music thrives--not because the people are so rural that they haven't been corrupted yet by modern music, but because after hearing all the different forms of music they have decided to continue to play the music that was taught to them by their parents. It is good to know that there are still some places where the old music survives and is being passed on to the new generation.●



# CHAMPION AT DRIVING 'EM CRAZY



BY IAN ROBB  
WITH APOLOGIES TO EWAN MACCOLL



I am a bold Irishman, Murphy's me name  
I'm known as a piper and fiddler of fame  
The tin whistle's me forte, on the flute I'm the same  
At the squeezebox there's none can me equal.  
I whistle for breakfast and pipe for me tea  
I play me old flute twenty-five hours a day  
And I can't understand why so many folk say  
I'm a champion at driving 'em crazy.

I once had a sweetheart so fair and divine  
She said that she loved me, I thought she was mine  
She'd the shape of a fiddle and her hair was so fine  
For bow-strings you'd sure find no better.  
She told me for ever her love would endure  
She asked me to kiss her, me answer was, "Sure,  
And why not? Its good practise for my embouchure! \*  
Oh, I'm champion at driving 'em crazy.

Well this lass was persistant--her efforts soon led  
To a room in a pub with a big double bed  
And she said, "Do you know it is time we were wed?"  
I says "Is that a reel or a hornpipe?"  
I took off me clothes and down on the bed sat  
Say she, "Won't your whistle go longer than that?"  
I says, "What is your fancy, is it F or B flat?"  
Oh, I'm champion at driving 'em crazy.

Well a few months being over, she says to me, "Pat,  
I think that your music is making me fat."  
And very soon after she up and begat  
A wee fellow the image o' me.  
Well at three weeks of age he could lilt a few tunes;  
At a month he was battering bodhran and bones  
And now he's the master of chanter and drones  
He'll be champion at driving 'em crazy.

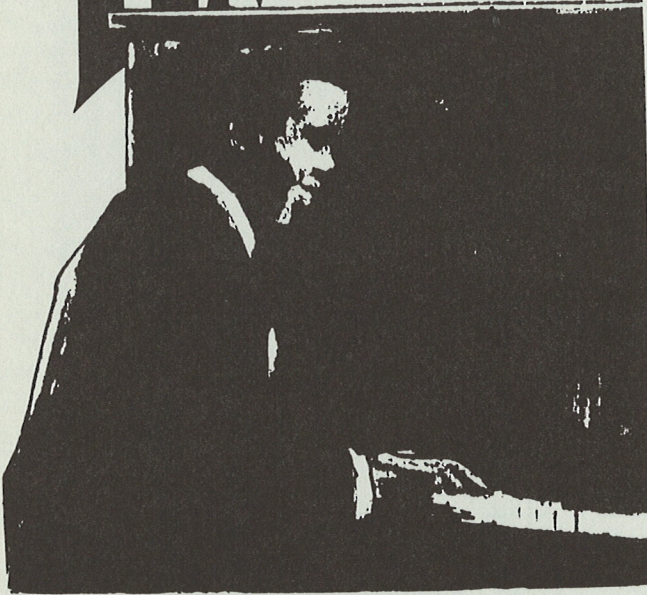
Oh me wife she soon left us and all in due course  
For "musical cruelty" she got her divorce  
And despite all our vows of "For better or worse"  
I'm left all alone with the baby.  
Well he's Ireland's best piper by quite a long chalk  
His fiddling's un equalled from Sligo to Cork  
And as soon as he learns how to walk and to talk  
He'll be champion at driving 'em crazy.

\*Embouchure=mouth position for playing flute and other wind instruments.



# THE ART OF RAGTIME

William J.  
Schafer  
&  
Johannes  
Riedel



Wm. J. Schafer & Johannes Riedel  
Published by Da Capo

For almost twenty-five years the standard, indeed the only book about ragtime was *They All Played Ragtime*, by Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis. It is a pleasant book, full of anecdotes about the original ragtimers; it talks more about the people than about the music; sometimes it's superficial or confusing, but it's a book worth reading.

In the last few years there has been a ragtime revival, both popular--as in the use of Joplin's *Entertainer* as the theme for *The Sting*--and high class--as in Joshua Rifkin's salon (as opposed to saloon) versions of the rags. *The Art of Ragtime* is a product of the revival, and specifically of its high class aspect. Its subtitle--*Form and Meaning of an Original Black American Art*--is an academic cliché, derived ultimately from R.P. Blackmur's

*Form and Value in Modern Poetry*.

If the academism stopped at the subtitle, one could hardly complain; unfortunately, the nonsense extends to the body of the book. For example, one reads (on page 66) that 'Only an "innocent" composer like Joseph Lamb would attempt to describe "American Beauty" through suggestive sexual images in its bass part: a) widely spread leaps, in combination with b) chromatic stepwise progressions; c) sixteenth-note progressions in contrary motion to the right hand (coitus); and d) shifts of register of the right hand against a widely ranged descent in octaves of the bass line.' This is the sort of trash people write when they don't really have anything to say but want to sound impressive. When I started to read this book I was looking forward to serious musical analysis of ragtime, but by comparison to the analysis of serious classical compositions, the discussion here is either trivial or silly. Perhaps the authors don't know what they're talking about, or perhaps ragtime is more beautiful than it is complex.

Not all the book, fortunately, is as bad as the musical analysis. In particular, it clarifies the relationship (rather confused in *They All Played Ragtime*) between ragtime and cakewalks and coon-songs. There's a fairly good discussion of the peculiar position of serious Black artists working in the fundamentally degrading idiom of turn-of-the-century popular music. The best part of the book, for my money, is the reproductions of sheet music cover art.

Neither *They All Played Ragtime* nor *The Art of Ragtime* does justice to the music. Taken together they form the outline of a book that should, but does not yet exist.

-Matthew Clark






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## GRIT'S WORKSHOP

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There are too many people these days fantasizing about the life of a craftsman. At least once a week I am approached by someone who wants to become a guitar maker, and though some of these inquiries appear to come from interested sincere people, others are from people who are only looking for a easy out from the 9 to 5 routine and are taken with the novelty of the craft. Sure, the appeal of a workshop of your own, your own hours, no boss, a creative profession are all valid

and are part of the reason I'm a guitar maker. But there is another aspect to this or any other craft that must be reckoned with.

Any occupation, career, craft or what have you has its problems. No person, no matter how happy he is with what he does for a living is free of bad days. There have been so many times when something has happened in my workshop--be it an accident, uncooperative weather or any one of countless other factors beyond my control--and I wished like hell that I was an office worker with no worries or responsibilities. Or maybe a basket weaver; some craft unaffected by humidity (the maker and breaker of musical instruments). You may think that sounds ridiculous but I have seriously felt that way many times.

The cause of that feeling is so often rooted in the "other aspect" I mentioned: one's own standards of work. Or more precisely that which (at least for me) remains at once a goal, a yardstick of progress, and a tormentor--*perfection*.

Although my work is not perfect at the moment I do have that aim when I approach any and all situations during instrument construction. Many times I will entirely redo some joint or throw out some part I've spent two days working on simply because I'm harrassed or annoyed by a file mark that was too deep to be sanded out.

One comforting thought in situations like these is that the more a mistake or an inaccuracy upsets you, the harder you will strive to ensure that it never recur s. But the trouble for me is that my hands are still relatively inexperienced; though I've been a luthier for over six years, I can see years ahead before I reach a level of workmanship that nears perfection.

I suppose I'm only attempting to illustrate how I as a craftsman have set high standards for myself. I have a love/hate relationship with these standards, but it's really because of them that I feel (to however small a degree) I will be contributing something to the



development of the guitar and the continuation of high standards of work.

I am irritated by the poor quality work that is presented to the public as craft. It's to be seen everywhere--folk festivals, streetcorners, craft shops and fairs. You'll see silver jewellery made with no apparent attempt at accuracy whatsoever--uneven bracelets, inlaid stones surrounded by filler; you'll find musical instruments that are hard to consider more than toys. They'll be shimmed up here or filled in there. The general public seems to be as undiscerning as the people who produce these items. This blindness is what leaves room for the incredible burst of craft this continent is seeing, which in turn opens the market for workmanship of any kind. "If it's handmade its got to be good" has become the standard for too many.

One time while browsing in a music store I overheard a customer explain to the salesman that he preferred one guitarmakers product to that of another. He said the one he liked had a more "handmade" feel to it. When he left, I went over to inspect the instrument he favoured and found that the neck was uneven and bumpy, dried glue was oozing out of the joints from the inside of the guitar, huge gaps at other crucial joints were just left as is, etc. etc. This was the "hand made" feel that appealed to him over the clean and tight construction of the other guitar.

I wish all crafts people would set high standards for themselves. The old saying "if it's worth doing, it's worth doing well" rings extremely true for me. Maybe it's the way I approach my craft that's different than some others. I consider it a profession that demands accuracy. If you've no intention of doing your best possible work, you're wasting your time and that of everyone else.

I feel elated in a way I can't fully explain when I see excellent workmanship. That feeling makes it hard to see people being taken in by poor work. I don't mean to say that some objects (e.g. musical instruments, pottery, etc.) couldn't perform their

intended functions adequately or even exceptionally while being poorly constructed. But how long will they stay together? Or how well can they withstand constant use? Or wouldn't you also like it to be pleasing to the eye or to the touch?

I realize no two crafts person's work will ever be alike either esthetically or technically. I realize also that with the recent growth in appreciation and building of handmade articles there are simply more poor quality goods becoming visible along with the better stuff. But regardless of acceptable standards or particular circumstances I will never support or condone poor quality workmanship when there is better that can be done and better to be had. And take my word for it, good workmanship can always be found. ●

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and  
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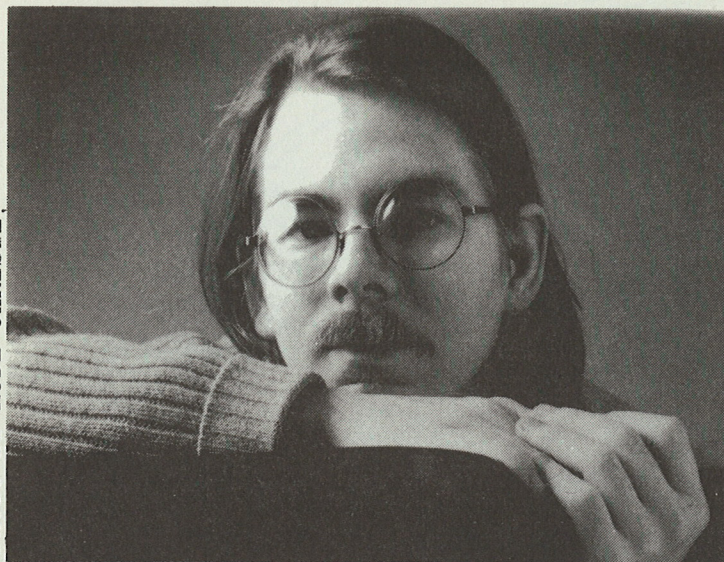
# MARIPOSA PERFORMERS '77 DISCOGRAPHY

*This list is by no means exhaustive but rather a sampling of titles we were able to track down. If your local record store doesn't carry the album you're interested in, refer to the Rounder Records*

*catalogue number given in quite a few cases (e.g. R-342). Rounder carries a great number of labels. Write to them at: 186 Willow Ave., Somerville, Mass. 02144  
Phone: 617 396-8400 -m.k.*

David Amram	NO WALLS SUBWAY NIGHT	RCA
Tom Anderson & Aly Bain	THE SILVER BOW	TOPIC (R-TPC 281)
The Balfa Freres	THE BALFA BROTHERS THE BALFA BROS. PLAY TRADITIONAL CAJUN MUSIC	SWALLOW (R-6007) SWALLOW (R-6019)
Tony Barrand	MELLOW WITH ALE FROM THE HORN	FRONT HALL (R-04)
The Bannerman Family	BIG CIRCLE MT. DANCE MUSIC	FOLKRAST 36
John Allan Cameron	WAKES, WEDDINGS & OTHER THINGS	COLUMBIA
David Campbell	THROUGH ARAWAK EYES	DEVELOPMENT ED.
Jean Carignan	JEAN CARIGNAN REND HOMMAGE A JOSPEH ALLARD	PHILO PHILO (R-2012)
Margaret Christl	THE BARLEY GRAIN FOR ME	FOLK LEGACY
Leonard Emanuel	HOLLERIN'	ROUNDER (R-0071)
Archie Fisher	WILL YE GANG, LOVE	TOPIC (R-TPC 277)
John Hammond	SOLO	VANGUARD
The Humber River Valley Boys	HUMBER RIVER VALLEY BOYS, THE	WOODSHED RECORDS
Tommy Jarrell	SAIL AWAY LADIES (Fiddle) COME AND GO WITH ME (Banjo) JOKE ON THE PUPPY	COUNTY " MOUNTAIN (R-310)
Norman Kennedy	SONGS & BALLADS OF SCOTLAND	FOLK LEGACY (R-34)
Louis Killen	BRIGHT SHINING MORNING OLD SONGS OLD FRIENDS	FRONT HALL (R-06) FRONT HALL
Rita MacNeil	BORN A WOMAN	BOOT RECORDS
Taj Mahal	MUSIC FUH YA	WARNER BROS.
Robert Paquette	PRENDS CELUI QUI PASSE	KÉBEC DISC
Peg Leg Sam	MEDICINE SHOW MAN GOING TRAIN BLUES	TRIX (R-3302) BLUE LABOR (R-105)
Utah Phillips	GOOD THOUGH EL CAPITAN	PHILO (R-1004) PHILO (R-1016)
Otis Pierce	EVERY BUSH AND TREE	BAY (R-102)
Ola Belle Reed	MY EPITAPH	FOLKWAYS (R-2493)
Ian Robb	(See Margaret Christl)	
Stan Rogers	FOGARTY'S COVE	BARN SWALLOW REC.
Tony Saletan	TONY AND IRENE SALETAN	FOLK LEGACY
Mike Seeger	MIKE SEEGER OLD TIME COUNTRY MUSIC TIPPLE, LOOM AND RAIL	VANGUARD (R-79150) FOLKWAYS FOLKWAYS
Paul Siebel	JACK KNIFE GYPSY	ELECTRA
Jody Stecker	SNAKE BAKED A HOE CAKE GOING UP THE MOUNTAIN	BAY (R-203) BAY
Martyn Wyndham-Read	MAYPOLE TO MISTLETOE	LEADER (R-2092)





## EDITORIAL . . .

In late August the Newsletter committee took stock. On the one hand we could report success--The Newsletter had grown both in size and quality. On the other hand, it had not grown in readership. We had for a while been aware of this disparity, and we had hoped that the Festival Issue would bring a substantial response. Out of the thousands of people who attended the festival we received about forty-seven new subscriptions. I think the committee has done a good job, I think we need make no apologies. I think people aren't interested in a general Canadian folk magazine.

We considered publicity. Perhaps we could appoint a new person to the Committee, who would be responsible for creating interest in The Newsletter. It seemed to us that the job would have to be a paid position--and so we came to discuss the problem of generally paying the Committee. Even at its present size The Newsletter required more work of its Committee than can be expected of volunteers, but it seemed unlikely that it could ever have enough circulation to support a paid staff. In any case, artificially created interest seemed contrary to our ideals--we did not want to market The Newsletter as if it were laundry detergent.

Given these considerations we felt that The Newsletter should be either radically restructured or discontinued. We reported to the Mariposa Board, with whom the decision ultimately rests, and as of this issue The Newsletter will cease publication.

I enjoyed working on The Newsletter, and particularly I enjoyed working with the other members of the Committee--Marilyn Koop, Stew Cameron, and Grit Laskin. I have been a member of many committees--this was by far the best. Somehow we perfected the technique of the short meeting, perhaps because each trusted the others to do their jobs well.

The illness which killed The Newsletter is not isolated. There is, I feel, a general apathy and lack of morale in the folk scene--but there is something intrinsically contradictory about the scene. Folk music, after all, takes place primarily not on stages or in workshops but in kitchens and living-rooms, and perhaps this music always continues unaffected by the health of the scene.



EDITOR.....Matthew Clark  
MANAGING EDITOR.....Marilyn Koop  
ARTWORK & LAYOUT.....Stew Cameron  
MEMBER AT LARGE.....Grit Laskin

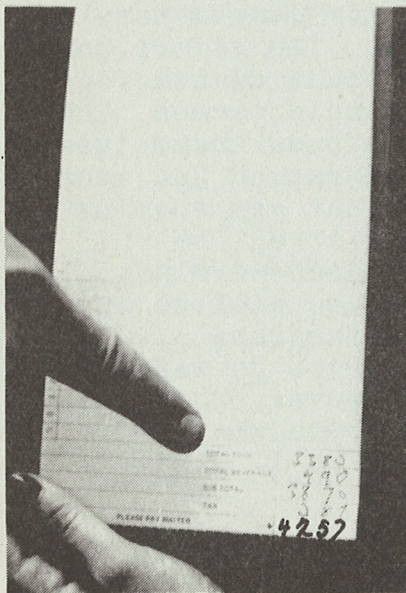
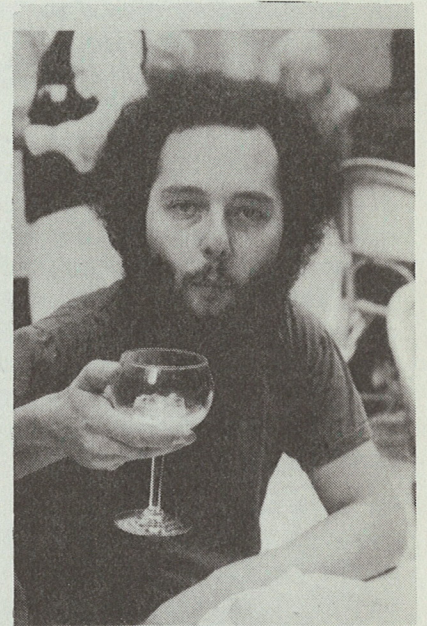
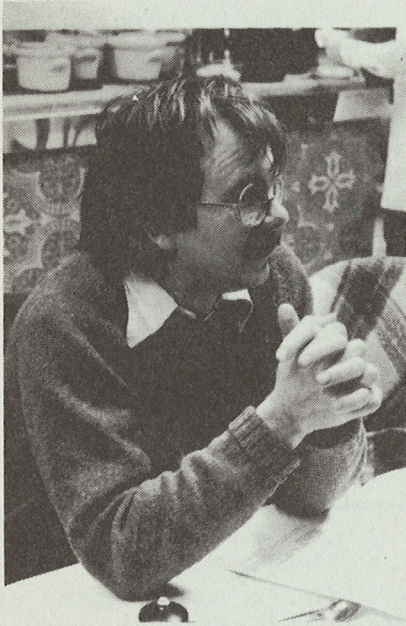
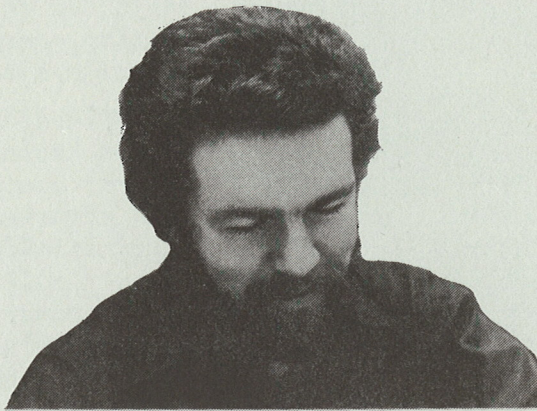
COVER PHOTO by Bill Markwick

Very special thanks go to contributing writers and to Mariposa's volunteers who come out to help with the mailing

We regret that we couldn't find a practical way to make 1 and 2 dollar refunds for issues not received. The effort and expense of transacting numerous small refunds would exceed the value of the refunds themselves. We hope you understand and want to assure you that any surplus funds remaining after The Newsletter has been terminated (as of this issue) will be applied to other Mariposa activities. If you do want a cash refund, however, to compensate for issues you won't get, let us know and we'll gladly oblige.



# SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU



CLOCKWISE, FROM THE TOP: Stew Cameron, Grit Laskin, Marilyn Koop, Stew and Marilyn, Matthew Clark.